

# The Mirror

OF  
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 824.]

SATURDAY, MARCH, 11, 1837.

[PRICE 2d.]

WINDSOR CASTLE.



THE MIRROR & MAGAZINE

WINDSOR CASTLE :  
THE EASTERN FRONT.

This portion of the Castle is much admired for its magnificent and picturesque effect; relieved as is its elevation by four stately towers, the Black Prince's, Chester, Clarence, and King's; the latter being extremely massive in its construction, and having handsome corbelled battlements.

In this front are the principal apartments of the King and Queen. The suite comprises a dining-room, two drawing-rooms, a library, and rooms for attendants. Two of the principal apartments, the Chamber in which died George the Fourth, and the Private Dining-room of his late Majesty, will be found engraved with considerable nicety, in the sixteenth volume of the *Mirror*; and reference to these Engravings, and their accompanying details, will best convey to the reader an idea of the superb yet chaste style in which the whole suite of apartments has been fitted.

This part of the Castle is constructed upon a fire-proof principle, the girders being iron, and the floors arched with brick. In front of the library, which occupies the whole of Chester Tower, a double flight of steps form a communication with the eastern terrace; and a corresponding one furnishes a descent from that to the site of the new flower-garden, an appendage wholly wanting to the original edifice. It is inclosed by a pentagonal terrace, crowned with a battlemented rampart of freestone, having bastions at the angles, on one of which is placed an excellent sun-dial. An orangery on an extensive scale has been formed beneath part of this terrace, and here are the noble orange-trees which were received from Versailles a few years since. From the terrace a lawn slopes to a flower-garden tastefully laid out, and embellished with a fountain, statues, and sculptured ornaments, mostly in good style. The public are allowed to promenade here during the afternoon of Sundays; and, until lately, a military band, on these occasions, enlivened the scene with first-rate musical performances.

Viewed from the Little or Home Park, this front of the Castle affords a fine foreground to the massive and stately towers rising beyond it; while the retirement of its apartments must be a delightful relief to the splendour of what are distinctively termed the State Apartments.

Altogether, it is impossible to view Windsor Castle, as it now is, without being impressed with its architectural magnificence. In the late repairs, its antiquity has been judiciously maintained in substance, which the atmospheric changes of a few years will soon mantle with the appearance of age; and Mr. Bowles will not longer have to

complain that its face looks as if just washed with soap and water. The renovation of the whole pile is, indeed, a regal work, such as must entitle its architect, Wyattville, to pre-eminence in the architectural records of the reign of George the Fourth.

RUINS.

"There is a power,  
And magic in the ruin'd bottle,  
For which the palace of the present hour  
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower."  
*Childe Harold.*

AMONGST the things of antiquity which affect most deeply our sentimental nature, are the dilapidated remains of those ancient, baronial castles and monastic structures, which history and tradition have united in rendering highly interesting, and which are now silently yielding to the slow yet ruthless touch of time, on many a bold eminence, and in many a beautiful and secluded nook of "merry England." But, historical and traditional association apart, as also the deep and additional interest with which many of these remains have been invested by the pen of modern fiction, there is a peculiar and undefined influence which attaches itself to them by virtue of their antiquity: and, indeed, to all sublunary objects, whose existence has, in like manner, been unusually prolonged; or wherein the workings of that inherent tendency to decay common to every thing of mortal origin, have by some strange concurrence of circumstances been for awhile impeded, yet not wholly prevented. Such venerable memorials of by-gone ages would seem to dispute with time its power to destroy, were it not that their very isolation attests its triumph over all beside. A nameless, mystic charm is theirs, whose impressive influence all feel in a degree more or less powerful, but which few are able either clearly to express or define—a charm which the grandeur and beauty of modern architecture may atone for, but, however imposing, are wholly unable to awaken, or produce any corresponding emotion. In them we behold the remnants of a totally different order of things; the memorials of another race of men; of other manners, other days; all which have long since passed away, and are almost forgotten, or at best but dimly reflected in the mirror of the past. They have arrived at a period of existence so unusually protracted, that they may properly be said to have outlived their time. They bear no reference to the present—no relation to the living; their connexion is with the past, their affinity with the dead. Hence it is in their present, ruinous and lonesome condition, that we regard these hoary relics of antiquity with similar but less melancholy emotions than we do individually the memorials of the departed. Similar, inasmuch as whilst they revive

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a thousand moving recollections of national history, they too "tell of change and death," and remind one of the transient and uncertain duration of earthly greatness. And they are only the less melancholy, because, unlike the lasting and tangible remembered objects, the storied associations which the sight of them recalls—those associations, the glorious days of chivalry and of feudal magnificence and manners—are but the shadowy and short-lived illusions of fancy, summoning again "from their dread abode" the things that have been separated from us by the intervention of ages, and which had else slumbered on in oblivion.

As for themselves, now that these ancient, baronial and monastic structures have ceased to be regarded by the world as things either useful or essential, and since all other objects that were of coeval origin or contemporaneous pride have long since disappeared, they wear in their loneliness an air of silent gloom, and seem to the imagination to chide the slow progress of "decay's effacing fingers." Alas, how changed! All that remain of the towering walls and ramparts of the one, once the scene of many a fierce, baronial feud, and the light and airy architecture of the other—

"Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,  
The pealing anthem swell'd the note of praise,"  
are a few, shapeless heaps of crumbling masonry, "dim with the mist of years," over which the ivy weaves in melancholy profusion its artless mantle of perpetual green. And the winds of heaven, as they sweep dolefully through the deserted halls and aisles, seem in the ear of fancy to sigh a mournful requiem over the remains of feudal and monastic magnificence!

"And there they stand, as stands some lofty mind,  
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd;  
All tenantless, save to the cranny wind,  
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.  
There was a day when they were young and proud;  
Banners on high, and battles passed below;  
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,  
And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,  
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow."

Such, during the ceaseless lapse of time, is the mighty change which the things of this earth undergo—

"So fades, so perishes, grows dim and dies,  
All that the world is proud of."

By an immutable law of nature, every thing mortal seems subject to a continual course of change; and this is one obvious conclusion, which human speculation can in nowise avoid. Generations of the human family, like the myriads of animacules that are born but for a single day to float and flutter on the stream, follow generations in the most rapid succession, and enjoy an existence only of proportionate duration. Nations and em-

pires too, experience all the gradations and vicissitudes of an ever-changeable existence: and, however exalted in the scale of civilization or refinement, await alike this common, inevitable destiny. So also,

"the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which we inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
Leave not a wreck behind."

*Morpeth, Northumberland. M. SOULSBY.*

### Aneccote Gallery.

#### BUONAPARTIANA.

On the 9th of May, 1812, Napoleon, hitherto victorious, quitted a palace to which he was never again to return. From Paris to Dresden, (says Count P. De Segur,) his progress was one continued triumph. He had first to pass through the eastern part of France—a part which, far different from the west and south, was entirely devoted to him, and knew him only by his favours and his victories. This part of France had always been known for its warlike character; its youth were brought up amidst the clash of arms, and the profession of arms was there held in honour. The language generally heard there was, that the present war would liberate Poland, that country so dear to France; that the barbarians of Asia, who were threatening Europe, would be driven back into their deserts; and that Napoleon would once more bring back with him all the fruits of victory. The inhabitants of these departments accompanied the Emperor with their best and most ardent wishes: he was received everywhere with the same glowing cordiality; with rapturous acclamations and triumphal arches. Germany manifested less affection, but perhaps more homage. Astonished, overpowered, and carried away by the universal feeling, the Germans strove really to be what it was their decided interest to appear. They pressed eagerly on to line the route pursued by the Emperor. Their princes quitted their capitals and hastened to the different towns, where the arbiter of their destiny was to halt, barely for a few minutes. Napoleon was followed by the Empress and a numerous court; he advanced towards the dreadful chances of a distant and decisive war, like one returning from it in the full flush of triumph. He had intimated a wish that the emperor of Austria, several kings, and a great number of princes, should meet and attend him at Dresden, on his journey. His wish was gratified. They all repaired thither; some influenced by hope, others driven by fear. In thus associating himself with the ancient house of Austria, his ambition indulged itself by exhibiting to Germany, his family union with it. He conceived that this splendid assemblage of sovereigns would

form an impressive contrast with the desertion and desolation of the Russian emperor; and that he might, perhaps, be struck with dismay by so general an abandonment. This congress of monarchs would, moreover, show that the war against Russia was European. In Dresden, in the very centre of Germany, he was now exhibiting to it his imperial spouse—the daughter of the Cæsars—seated at his side. Whole populations deserted their dwellings, and rushed forward to meet him; rich and poor, nobles and plebeians, friends and enemies, all eagerly pressed on to view an object so interesting. The vast collections formed of these mixed classes, were seen crowded together in the streets, the roads, and the public places, full of intense curiosity and observation. It was not his crown, his rank, or the luxury and splendour of his court, which interested them,—it was the man himself; they wanted to stamp on their minds his figure and his features; they wanted to obtain the power of saying, that they had seen Napoleon. At the theatres, the poets degraded themselves by offering him divine honour; and thus the whole nation were his flatterers. In the general homage of admiration paid to him, there appeared little difference between kings and their subjects: none stayed to imitate; the burst was universal and simultaneous. His levee presented the extraordinary spectacle of sovereign princes attending it to obtain audience of the conqueror of Europe; they were so intermingled with his officers, that the latter were obliged to be particularly cautious lest they should jostle against the new courtiers with whom they were thus confounded. Such was, at that time, the submissive demeanour of the sovereigns of Europe to the power of Napoleon. We see in it an example of the empire of necessity overall, and to what extent, not merely among private individuals but among princes, the hope of gain and fear of loss may be carried.

The following address was issued by Buonaparte to the monks of Spain:—"Barbarians and hypocrites, who preach intolerance and excite discord and blood; what claim have you to the title of ministers of the Gospel? The period when Europe beheld without indignation the massacre of Protestants celebrated by illuminations in the great cities, can never be revived. The blessings of toleration are the first rights of man; it is the first maxim of the Gospel, because it is the first attribute of charity. If there was a time when some false teachers of the Christian religion preached intolerance, they had not then in view the interests of heaven, but those of their temporal influence; they wished to be powerful among ignorant people."

When the preparations for the departure of

Napoleon commenced, Malmaison presented a spectacle of indescribable desolation and sorrow. The false, the dastardly, and the ungrateful, had fallen off; his mother, sister, and other relatives, sobbed around him, whilst he employed himself in reading, or appearing to read, the *American Farmer's Calendar*. He occasionally raised his head to console his mother. But when an old dependent on his bounty, who had known him in his youth, presented himself to solicit the last succour, and the lord of nations and their monarchs found himself without the means to comply, his fortitude forsook him, and he gave way to emotion. At five o'clock in the evening of the 29th of June, 1815, Napoleon quitted Malmaison for ever.

During a conversation relating to the affairs of Europe, Buonaparte made the following observations:—England and France held in their hands the fate of the world; and particularly that of European civilization. What injury did we not do each other. What good might we not have done. Under Pitt's system we desolated the world; and what has been the result? England imposed on France a tax of fifteen hundred millions of francs, and raised it by means of Cossacks; I laid a tax of seven thousand millions of francs on the English, and made them raise it with their own hands, by their Parliament. Even now, after the victory they have obtained, who can tell whether they may not, sooner or later, sink under the weight of such a burden. With Fox's system, we should have understood each other; we should have accomplished and preserved the emancipation of nations; the dominion of principles. Europe would have presented but a single fleet, and a single army: we might have ruled the world; we might everywhere have established peace and prosperity, either by dint of force or persuasion.

During the residence of Napoleon at St. Helena, none of the companions of his exile entered his apartment without being sent for; and if anything of importance was to be communicated to him, it was necessary to apply to be admitted. If he walked separately with any of them, no other presumed to intrude. In the beginning, they constantly remained uncovered near his person; but the English having been ordered to put on their hats after the first salute, the contrast appeared so ridiculous to Napoleon that he ordered his companions to behave like them. No person, except the two ladies, took a seat in his presence, unless desired to do so. He was never spoken to until he had spoken first; and in all cases, the conversation was under his control and guidance. Such was the etiquette at Longwood, which was entirely that of recollections and feelings.

Until the period of the revolution of France,

in 1830, which placed Louis Philippe on the throne, Napoleon Francis Charles Joseph Buonaparte had been kept under the most strict surveillance, so that few could obtain access to him. At this period, (says a recent writer,) a gentleman deputed by the Buonapartists of France, arrived at Vienna, and obtained an audience of the young Duke of Reichstadt, when he informed him that he was authorized to offer him the throne of France. The offer was declined firmly but politely. A few days afterwards, he was informed, that the choice of the French people had fallen on the Duke of Orleans : he was much affected at this intelligence, and made the following observation : " I shall ever respect the will of the people ; I shall never dispute it with arms, but by such efforts as may render me worthy of being recalled by them." To the secret hope of his becoming one day the King of France, may be attributed his restless labours, his continued studies, his fatiguing exercises, his passion for riding, and his thirst for military information. His first appearance in society was on the 25th of January, 1831, at a grand party at the house of Lord Cowley, the British ambassador. There he saw two princes of the house of Bourbon ; Baron de Kenzinger, the representative of Charles X.; Marshal Maison, the ambassador of Louis Philippe ; the Prince Gustavus Vasa ; and Count Lowenhjelm, the minister of Charles John, King of Sweden. But among these mementoes of political change, none were more interesting than himself. On the 15th of June, 1831, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of a battalion of Hungarian infantry, and the ardour with which he performed his military duties greatly affected his health. He was exceedingly tall, and had evidently a weak constitution : his physician frequently found him stretched on a sofa in the barracks, exhausted and languid ; yet he would not admit that he was ill ; the violent exercises to which he devoted himself, no doubt, completed the destruction of a body already enfeebled by mental exertion. His friend, Dr. Malfatta, at length, pointed out to the Emperor of Austria, the dangerous symptoms that appeared, and the employment of the duke in those exercises which demand great vigour of body. The emperor desired he would retire to Schonbrunn, the genial air and quiet of which were highly beneficial to him, where as soon as he gained a little strength he sought for pleasure and employment in the chase ; but his state of health was now fast hastening to a rapid consumption. His mother, the Duchess of Parma, who was sent for, attended upon him during the last few weeks of his existence. He died, July 22, 1832, aged 21.

W. G. C.

### Notes of a Reader.

#### VIEWS ON PUBLIC EDUCATION.

By Sir John F. W. Herschel, M.A., F.R.S., &c.

(It is with great pleasure that we observe from the local publications of the British Colony in Southern Africa, that in that distant region, as in his own country, Sir John Herschel,—while devoting his main attention and energy to the advancement and extension of that branch of Astronomy of which his revered father and himself may be considered at once the founders and to a very great extent the finishers also,—yet directs his powerful and accomplished mind to more general objects, and especially to the improvement of Education, and the application to that purpose of the resources derivable from the most recent advances which science and literature have made. The following letter addressed by Sir John to the Rev. Dr. Adamson, relative to the proposed scheme of instruction in the South-African College, will prove we think as interesting to our readers as we have found it, and it will amply justify the remarks with which we have now introduced it to their attention.)—*Ed. Philosophical Magazine.*

A good practical system of public education ought, in my opinion, to be more real than formal ; I mean, should convey much of positive knowledge with as little attention to mere systems and conventional forms as is consistent with avoiding solecisms. This principle, carried into detail, would allow much less weight to the study of languages, especially of dead languages, than is usually considered its due in our great public schools where, in fact, the acquisition of the latter seems to be regarded as the one and only object of education. While on the other hand it would attach great importance to all those branches of practical and theoretical knowledge whose possession goes to constitute an idea of a well-informed gentleman, as, for example—a knowledge of the nature and constitution of the world we inhabit—its animal, vegetable, and mineral productions, and their uses and properties as subservient to human wants. Its relation to the system of the universe, and its natural and political subdivisions ; and last and most important of all, the nature and propensities of man himself, as developed in the history of nations and the biography of individuals ; the constitutions of human society, including our responsibilities to individuals and to the social body of which we are members. In a word, as extensive a knowledge as can be grasped and conveyed in an elementary course of the actual system and laws of nature both physical and moral.

Again, in a country where free institutions prevail, and where public opinion is of con-

sequence, every man is to a certain extent a legislator; and for this his education (especially when the Government of the country lends its aid and sanction to it) ought at least so far to prepare him, as to place him on his guard against those obvious and popular fallacies which lie across the thresh-old of this as well as of every other subject with which human reason has any thing to do. Every man is called upon to obey the laws, and therefore it cannot be deemed superfluous that some portion of every man's education should consist in informing him what they are. On these grounds it would seem to me that some knowledge of the principles of political economy—of jurisprudence—of trade and manufactures—is essentially involved in the notion of a sound education. A moderate acquaintance also with certain of the useful arts, such as practical mechanics or engineering—agriculture—draftsmanship—is of obvious utility in every station of life;—while in a commercial country the only remedy for that proverbial short-sightedness to their best ultimate interest which is the misfortune rather than the fault of every mercantile community upon earth, seems to be, to inculcate as a part of education, those broad principles of free interchange and reciprocal profit, and public justice, on which the whole edifice of permanently successful enterprise must be based.

The exercise and developement of our reasoning faculties is another grand object of education, and is usually considered, and in a certain sense justly, as most likely to be attained by a judicious course of mathematical instruction—while it stands if not opposed to, at least in no natural connexion with, the formal and conventional departments of knowledge (such as grammar, and the so-called Aristotelian logic). It must be recollect, however, that there are minds which, though not devoid of reasoning powers, yet manifest a decided aptitude for mathematical studies,—which are *estimative*, not *calculating*, and which are more impressed by analogies, and by apparent preponderance of general evidence in argument than by mathematical demonstration, where all the argument is on one side and no show of reason can be exhibited on the other. The mathematician listens only to one side of a question, for this plain reason, that no strictly mathematical question has more than one side capable of being maintained otherwise than by simple assertion; while all the great questions which arise in busy life and agitate the world, are stoutly disputed, and often with a show of reason on both sides, which leaves the shrewdest at a loss for a decision.

This, or something like it, has often been urged by those who contend against what they consider an undue extension of mathe-

matical studies in our Universities. But those who have urged the objection have stopped short of the remedy. It is essential however, to fill this enormous blank in every course of education which has hitherto been acted on, by a due provision of some course of study and instruction which shall meet the difficulty, by showing how valid propositions are to be drawn, not from premises which virtually contain them in their very words, as is the case with abstract propositions in mathematics, nor from the juxtaposition of other propositions assumed as true, as in the Aristotelian logic, but from the broad consideration of an assemblage of facts and circumstances brought under review. This is the scope of the Inductive Philosophy—applicable, and which ought to be applied (though it never yet has fairly been so) to all the complex circumstances of human life; to politics, morals, and legislation; to the guidance of individual conduct, and that of nations. I cannot too strongly recommend this to the consideration of those who are now to decide on the normal course of instruction to be adopted in your College. Let them have the glory—for glory it will really be—to have given a new impulse to public instruction, by placing the *Novum Organum* for the first time in the hands of young men educating for active life, as a text book, and as a regular part of their College course. It is strong meat, I admit, but it is mainly nutrient; and though imperfectly comprehended, (as it must be at that age when the college course terminates,) the glimpses caught of its meaning, under a due course of collateral explanation, will crucify in after life, and like the royal food with which the young bee is fed, will dilate the frame, and transform the whole habit and economy. Of course it should be made the highest book for the most advanced classes.

Among branches of knowledge purely formal, language of course stands foremost. Its importance is doubtless great, as the key to the depositories of knowledge, and as the most powerful instrument of human reason. Of course it must form an essential part of every system of instruction. But it should be studied as a means and not as an end. The books chosen in every language (after its first rudiments are acquired) ought to be vehicles of other than mere verbal instruction, and the attention of the pupil ought to be much more strongly directed to the matter than to the words. Indeed, a foreign tongue can never be said to be in fair train of being mastered, till the sense is seized and the words begin to pass unheeded. Much of course will depend on the tact of the teacher in determining the point where the strictness of literal construction may be relaxed or altogether abandoned, and fluent translation substituted for it. And here I

would incidently remark, how infinitely preferable a close written translation is to any oral construing. A boy should come up "to construe" with his written, or even—in the case of beginning—his printed, translation in his hand; he should read it aloud, and then be called upon to prove by literal construction that such is the true sense of the passage. Thus and thus only can we be sure that the sense has not escaped him in the turnoil of words and rules, which it is to be feared is too often the case in the usual method. As for composition, or even translation from the vernacular into a foreign tongue, till the point of fluent construing or translation at sight is attained, I consider it as time mispent. The usual practice at schools of setting boys who know nothing, or next to nothing, of Latin, to write Latin exercises, has always appeared to me a mere waste of their own and their master's time. One hour spent in acquiring a fluency of rendering at sight is worth a week of such unnatural effort.

(To be continued.)

#### CURIOS TREES AT BEAUESERT, THE SEAT OF THE MARQUESS OF ANGLESEY.

On the way from the kitchen-garden to the mansion, there is a very large oak, the trunk of which is entirely scooped out by decay. There is a door, as it were, at one side; and the shell is sufficiently roomy to contain eight people standing within it. The late Lady Uxbridge often sat within this tree, and loved to hear

"The spirit of the winds  
Growing among its boughs."

There is a circular hole in the bark, or shell, of this tree, through which she used to place a telescope, in order to amuse herself by looking at objects in the surrounding country. Though an extraordinary tree, it is by no means to be ranked among the largest in the estate. Being adjacent to the house, it is pointed out to strangers on account of its grotesque appearance, and its being, at one time, the favourite resort of this lady. The flower-garden is in front of the mansion, and under the care of Mr. Birch. There is much of the magnificence of nature here. Art, too, hath done her part. The lawn is kept exceedingly smooth, and already appears green and velvety. There are some curious old trees scattered over it (no one knows how old), peculiarly cared for by their noble owner. The flowers had not blossomed; but birds of foreign climes, in gaudy colours, sat here and there upon the grass, basking themselves in the sunshine. When I considered this place, I thought the general curse that was pronounced against the soil had fallen lightly here, it was all so beautiful. Every thing, in short, in this noble demesne bespeaks a refined taste, and almost un-

bounded wealth. Because the proprietor loves his trees, he will not have them cut down; no matter how great a price they might be worth: as they sprang of the earth, so they are allowed to return thither.

In front of the flower-garden there is a sweet chestnut, 65 ft. high; diameter of the trunk, at 1 ft. from the ground, 6½ ft. The largest trees on the estate are oaks: they stand in an open, thinly-planted spot, about a mile from the mansion. Near Newee Gate there is one of them, called the *Roen Oak*, of very singular appearance. The branches are almost all decayed, and the efforts of remaining vegetation have wrought all manner of fantastic shapes and figures at the top of the stem: among these, there is a figure of twisted serpent, and a tolerable representation of a lion cowering. The trunk of this tree is 8 ft. 9 in. in diameter. The *Magii Oak*, which is connected, I believe, with some tale of enchantment, is in a like state of decay: the trunk which measures 29½ ft. in circumference, is hollow and open. An old woman at an adjoining alehouse told me that the owls and all the spirits of the wilderness gather into this tree in particular, and hold conference in the darkness of the night. The other tree, which stands in a ravine called the *Gutter*, is the largest I ever saw, and, perhaps, the largest in England. The trunk, at 1 ft. from the ground, is 13 ft. 2 in. in diameter. Like the others, it is decayed and hollow, so that a person can walk into it; and it is so roomy within, that the man who accompanied me observed, that, with a little *fitting up*, it might be made to contain his wife and family comfortably!—*Gardener's Magazine*.

#### WHITTINGTON'S ALMSHOUSES, HIGHGATE.

In our biographical sketch of Sir Richard Whittington, at page 210, vol. xxv. of the *Mirror*, we noticed the erection of the above interesting building, in lieu of the ancient almshouses, which adjoined the church of St. Michael Paternoster. By the change of site, the indwellers have gained the purest air in the environs of the metropolis for the murky atmosphere of the City.

These almshouses stand on the rise of Highgate Hill, near the stone which commemorates the legendary incident of Whittington sitting disconsolate on a stone, and fancying that the city bells rang

Turn again Whittington,  
Thrice Lord Mayor of London.

The building is in the old English style, by Mr. George Smith, the architect of St. Paul's School, the New Corn Exchange, &c. It is a handsome collegiate structure; having a central chapel and two wings, finished with gables, buttresses, pinnacles, and finials,



(Whittington's Almshouses, Highgate.)

pointed ; the doors and windows being square-headed.

### Retrospective Gleanings.

#### REPREHENSION.

**OWEN FELTHAM** says :—To reprehend well, is both the hardest, and most necessary part of friendship. Who is it that will either not merit a check, or endure one? yet, wherein can a friend more unfold his love, than in preventing a man from falling into dangers, or travelling in the way to ruin? I grant, the manner of the application may turn the benefit into an injury: and then it both strengthens error and wounds the giver. When thou chidest thy wandering friend, do it secretly, in season and in love; not in the ear of a popular assembly; for, many times, the presence of a multitude, is the cause of a man making an unjust defence, rather than fall in a just shame. A man had better be convinced in private, than be made guilty by a proclamation. Open rebukes are for magistrates and courts of justice; private are for friends, where all the witnesses of the offender's blushes are blind, deaf, and dumb: even concealment of a fault, argues some charity to the offender; and when we tell him of it in secret, it shows, we wish he should amend, before the world comes to know his amiss. Next, it ought to be in season; not when the mind is maddened with unreined passions. He that will hear nothing in his anger, will, after a pause, inquire of you; and, if you seem to forget him, he will the sooner remember himself: for it often happens, that the end of passion is the beginning of repentance. The bitterness of

reprehension is sweetened with the pleasantness of compellations. If ever flattery might be lawful, here is a cause that would give it admission. To be plain argues honesty; but to be pleasing argues discretion. It was ordained among the Lacedemonians, that every transgressor should, for his punishment, compass an altar, singing an invective made against himself. Every man that adviseth, assumes, as it were, a transcendency over the other; which, if it be not abayed with protestations and some self-including terms, grows hateful; that even the reprehension is many times the greater fault of the two: it will be good, therefore, not to make the complaint our own, but to lay it upon some others; that not knowing his grounded virtues, will, according to this, be apt to judge of all his actions: nor can he be a competent judge of another's fault, that is guilty of the like himself: it is unworthily done, to condemn that in others, which we would not have but pardoned in ourselves. When Diogenes fell in the school of the Stoics, he answered his deriders with the following question :—" Why do you laugh at me for falling backward, when you yourselves do retrograde your lives?" If we please a man with praising some of his virtues, he will, with much more ease, be brought to know his vices: if he be much our superior, it is good to do it sometimes in parables; so let him by collection, give himself the censure; if he be an equal, let it appear affection, and the truth of friendship urging it; if he be our inferior, let it seem our care, and our desire to benefit him. Towards all, I would be sure to show humility and love: though I find a little unkindness for the

present, I am confident I shall meet with thanks afterwards; and, in my absence, his revered report following me. If not, the best way to lose a friend, is by seeking, by my love, to save him. It is best for others that they hate me for vice; but if I must be hated, it is best for myself, that they hate me for my goodness; for, then I am my own antidote against all the poison they can cast upon me.

W. G. C.

lent brother, Mr. Anthony Humm, into the chair."

The ladies waved a choice collection of pocket-handkerchiefs at this proposition; and the impetuous, little man literally moved Mr. Humm into the chair, by taking him by the shoulders and thrusting him into a mahogany frame which had once represented that article of furniture. The waving of handkerchiefs was renewed; and Mr. Humm who was a sleek, white-faced man, in a perpetual perspiration, bowed meekly, to the great admiration of the females, and formally took his seat. Silence was then proclaimed by the little man in the drab shorts, and Mr. Humm rose and said—That, with the permission of his Brick Lane Branch brothers and sisters, then and there present, the secretary would read the report of the Brick Lane Branch Committee:—a proposition which was again received with a demonstration of pocket-handkerchiefs.

The secretary having sneezed in a very impressive manner, and the cough which always seizes an assembly when any thing particular is going to be done, having been duly performed, the following document was read:—

*Report of the Committee of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association.*

"Your committee have pursued their grateful labours during the past month, and have the unspeakable pleasure of reporting the following additional cases of converts to Temperance.

"H. Walker, tailor, wife, and two children. When in better circumstances, owns to having been in the constant habit of drinking ale and beer; says he is not certain whether he did not twice a week, for twenty years, taste 'dog's nose,' which your committee find upon inquiry, to be compounded of warm porter, moist sugar, gin, and nutmeg, (a groan, and 'So it is!' from an elderly female.) Is now out of work and pennyless; thinks it must be the porter, (cheers,) or the loss of the use of his right hand; is not certain which, but thinks it very likely that, if he had drunk nothing but water all his life, his fellow workman would never have stuck a rusty needle in him, and thereby occasioned his accident (tremendous cheering.) Has nothing but cold water to drink, and never feels thirsty (great applause.)

"Betsy Martin, widow, one child, and one eye. Goes out charing and washing, by the day; never had more than one eye, but knows her mother drank bottled stout, and shoul'n't wonder if that caused it (immense cheering.) Thinks it not impossible, that if she had always abstained from spirits, she might have had two eyes by this time (tremendous applause.) Used, at every place

### New Books.

#### THE PICKWICK PAPERS.—BY BOZ.

[THIS work is certainly the most meritorious of Mr. Dickens's successful productions. It is brimful of cleverly drawn character and genuine humour. The design too, is capital, inasmuch as it enables the author to introduce graphic sketches of adventures and experience, such as make up the phantasmagoria of life. Boz is too, an untiring story-teller: he is always entertaining; and he has found an almost untouched vein of humorous incident—we mean "haginem's" tales and anecdotes, such as often set on a roar the table of the commercial room or country inn. He is especially at home in these narrations, original in most of his points of embellishment, and altogether a pleasant fellow. We quote from the last published part of the Papers, a very harmless piece of satire, though it be somewhat strong upon a weak subject.]

The monthly meetings of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association, were held in a large room, pleasantly and airy situated at the top of a safe and commodious ladder. The president was the straight-walking Mr. Anthony Humm, a converted fireman, now a schoolmaster, and occasionally an itinerant preacher; and the secretary was Mr. Jonas Mudge, chandler's shop-keeper, an enthusiastic and disinterested vessel, who sold tea to the members. Previous to the commencement of business, the ladies sat upon forms, and drank tea, till such time as they considered it expedient to leave off; and a large, wooden money-box was conspicuously placed upon the green baize cloth of the business table, behind which the secretary stood, and acknowledged, with a gracious smile, every addition to the rich vein of copper which lay concealed within.

The crockery having been removed, the table with the green baize cover was carried out into the centre of the room, and the business of the evening was commenced by a little, emphatic man, with a bald head, and drab shorts, who suddenly rushed up the ladder, at the imminent peril of snapping the two little legs encased in the drab shorts, and said:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I move our excel-

she went to, to have eighteen pence a day, a pint of porter, and a glass of spirits; but since she became a member of the Brick Lane Branch, has always demanded three and sixpence instead, (the announcement of this most interesting fact was received with deafening enthusiasm.)

"Henry Buller was for many years toast-master at various corporation-dinners, during which time he drank a great deal of foreign wine; may sometimes have carried a bottle or two home with him; is not quite certain of that, but is sure if he did, that he drank the contents. Feels very low and melancholy, is very feverish, and has a constant thirst upon him; thinks it must be the wine he used to drink, (cheers.) Is out of employ now; and never touches a drop of foreign wine by any chance, (tremendous plaudits.)

"Thomas Burton is purveyor of cat's meat to the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, and several members of the Common Council, (the announcement of this gentleman's name was received with breathless interest.) Has a wooden leg; finds a wooden leg expensive going over the stones; used to wear second-hand, wooden legs, and drink a glass of hot gin and water regularly every night — sometimes two, (deep sighs.) Found the second-hand, wooden legs split and rot very quickly; is firmly persuaded that their constitution was undermined by the gin and water, (prolonged cheering.) Buys new, wooden legs now, and drinks nothing but water and weak tea. The new legs last twice as long as the others used to do, and he attributes this solely to his temperate habits," (triumphant cheers.)

Anthony Humm now moved that the assembly do regale itself with a song. With a view to their rational and moral enjoyment, brother Mordin had adapted the beautiful words of "Who hasn't heard of a Jolly Young Waterman?" to the tune of the Old Hundredth, which he would request them to join him in singing, (great applause.) He might take that opportunity of expressing his firm persuasion, that the late Mr. Dibdin, seeing the errors of his former life, had written that song to show the advantages of abstinence. It was a Temperance song, (whirlwinds of cheers.) The neatness of the interesting, young man's attire, the dexterity of his feathering, the enviable state of mind which enabled him, in the beautiful words of the poet, to

"Row along, thinking of nothing at all."

all combined to prove that he must have been a water-drinker, (cheers.) Oh, what a state of virtuous jollity! (rapturous cheering.) And what was the young man's reward? Let all young men present mark this:—

"The maidens all flock'd to his boat so readily,"

(Loud cheers, in which the ladies joined.) What a bright example! The sisterhood, the maidens, flocking round the young waterman, and urging him along the path of duty and of temperance. The soft sex to man, —he begged pardon, to a female—radied round the young waterman, and turned with disgust from the drinker of spirits, (cheers.) The Brick Lane Branch brothers were watermen, (cheers and laughter.) That room was their boat; and he, (Mr. Anthony Humm,) however unworthily, was "first oars," (unbounded applause.)

Mr. Anthony Humm gave out the song, two lines at a time, for the information of such of his hearers as were unacquainted with the legend. While it was being sung, the little man with the drab shorts disappeared; he returned immediately on its conclusion, and whispered Mr. Anthony Humm, with a face of the deepest importance.

"My friends," said Mr. Humm, holding up his hand in a deprecatory manner, to bespeak the silence of such of the stout, old ladies as were yet a line or two behind; "my friends, a delegate from the Dorking branch of our society, Brother Stiggins, attends below. He may approach, I think," said Mr. Humm, looking round him, with a fat smile. "Brother Tadger, let him come forth and greet us."

The little man in the drab shorts, who answered to the name of Brother Tadger, hustled down the ladder with great speed, and was immediately afterwards heard tumbling up with the reverend Mr. Stiggins.

The little door flew open, and brother Tadger appeared, closely followed by the reverend Mr. Stiggins, who no sooner entered, than there was a great clapping of hands, and stamping of feet, and flourishing of handkerchiefs; to all which manifestations of delight, Brother Stiggins returned no other acknowledgment than staring with a wild eye, and a fixed smile, at the extreme top of the wick of the candle on the table: swaying his body to and fro, meanwhile, in a very unsteady and uncertain manner.

"Are you unwell, brother Stiggins?" whispered Mr. Anthony Humm.

"I am all right, sir," replied Mr. Stiggins, in a tone in which ferocity was blended with an extreme thickness of utterance; "I am all right, sir."

"Oh! very well," rejoined Mr. Anthony Humm, retreating a few paces.

"I believe no man here has ventured to say that I am *not* all right, sir," said Mr. Stiggins.

"Oh, certainly not," said Mr. Humm.

"I should advise him not to, sir; I should advise him not," said Mr. Stiggins.

By this time, the audience were perfectly silent, and waited with some anxiety for the resumption of business.

"Will you address the meeting, brother?" said Mr. Humm, with a smile of invitation.

"No, sir, rejoined Mr. Stiggins; "No, sir. I will not, sir."

The meeting looked at each other with raised eyelids, and a murmur of astonishment ran through the room.

"It's my opinion, sir," said Mr. Stiggins, unbuttoning his coat and speaking very loudly; "it's my opinion, sir, that this meeting is drunk, sir. Brother Tadger, sir," said Mr. Stiggins, suddenly increasing in ferocity, and turning sharp round on the little man in the drab shorts, "you are drunk, sir." With this, Mr. Stiggins, entertaining a praiseworthy desire to promote the sobriety of the meeting, and to exclude therefrom all improper characters, hit brother Tadger on the summit of the nose with such unerring aim, that the drab shorts disappeared like a flash of lightning. Brother Tadger had been knocked, head first, down the ladder.

Upon this, the women set up a loud and dismal screaming; and rushing in small parties before their favourite brothers, flung their arms round them to preserve them from danger. An instance of affection which had nearly proved fatal to Humm, who, being extremely popular, was all but suffocated by the crowd of female devotees that hung about his neck and heaped caresses upon him; the greater part of the lights were quickly put out, and nothing but noise and confusion resounded on all sides.

### The Public Journals.

#### VISIT TO THE ABBEY OF MOUNT MELLERAY, IRELAND, OCCUPIED BY THE MONKS OF LA TRAPPE.

As I considered it incumbent on me to be acquainted with those objects which nature or art have rendered remarkable in my own country before seeking those in another—applying the same rule to such places worth visiting as Pope does to language—

"Leave ev'ry foreign tongue alone

"Till you can read and spell your own"—

I mounted the driving seat of my vehicle, one fine morning in December, and, accompanied but by my servant, set out to visit the newly erected abbey.

The brethren now located amongst us are of the Trappist Order, of which there are no less than seventeen houses in France: but, during the disturbances which continually pervade that distracted country, some of the members of Melleray Abbey (which was the name of their convent in France) were suspected of hostility to the tyranny of their Government; and with the facts before their eyes that this peculiar class of men have no connexion with the affairs of this world, (perpetual silence being one of their most

inviolate rules,) forced them, without trial or inquiry, by the ruthless means of armed soldiery, to leave the peaceful monastery, where they were worshipping God after their own ways; as they fondly hoped, "forgetting the world and by the world forgot;" and seek in another land that refuge they were denied in their own.

Upon this, without home or means of acquiring one, being stripped of all save the habits they wore, and trusting to the charity of the Irish, many of whose pious sons were among their number, and, above all, upheld by the hope that the Being whom they served would not forsake them in their distresses, they came to this country. Sir R. Keane, of the county Waterford generously allotted them a portion of ground at a nominal value; and on this the brethren, in the short space of three years, raised a splendid temple to God—a monument of perseverance to men.

Possessed with an anxious desire to be a personal observer of what had taken such a powerful hold of my imagination—the gloomy solitude, the desert situation, the rugged abode, chosen by this singular fraternity for their abbey—I was impelled to seek them; and then, when I called to mind their rigid separation from the intercourse of human society, the inviolable taciturnity imposed on themselves by their rules, and their severe penances, including total abstinence from animal food, it seemed more like the visionary fabrics of fancy, revelling in the exuberant ideas of an Arabian tale, or dream of bygone ages, than actual reality, seen, heard, and discovered by the senses of those who would take the trouble of putting them to the test by an actual survey in the present day.

The road from Fermoy led by the picturesque banks of the river Blackwater; and, about twelve miles from that town, we beheld, in all the pride of feudal, ducal greatness, the romantic castle of Lismore, crowning the summit of a precipitous rock. Its proprietor, the Duke of Devonshire, has seldom visited it; royalty has occupied it for a short time. As you approach the castle, the tall trees of the stately avenue give its massive front a deep and solemn shade. We wound through a gloomy, arched passage, over the portal of which is read—

"God's providence  
Is my inheritance."

After emerging from this archway, we found ourselves in a courtyard, where ranges of offices belonging to the Castle, with the main buildings, inclose a square. Strong towers flank the angles. In all the aristocratic pride of feudal greatness, the splendid pile frowns from its elevated height. Imagination cannot paint a more romantic scene. The river, broad and undisturbed, runs at the base of the lofty walls; and to a fearful

height arise the rocks, bearing the embattled towers. James II. dined in the great hall, and, going to view the country, on approaching the window, drew back in terror at its precipitate elevation above the river. The contrast between the dark hue of the rocks, and the green moss and ivy with which they are in many places covered, is pleasing and agreeable. The banks are richly wooded. The Cathedral of Lismore is an imposing and venerable building, built in the Gothic style. The interior possesses the tomb of Milo Magrath, first bishop after the Reformation; it is an antiquated and curious piece of sculpture, the date 1567. Few who behold Lismore at the present day, would ever believe that it once was the chief seat of western lore, and gave education, it is said, to no less a personage than Alfred the Great. An ancient writer thus describes it:—"Lismor is a famous and holy city, full of cells and monasteries, in which religious men in great numbers abide; and the holy men flock thither from all parts of Ireland, and not alone from Ireland, but also from England and Britain, being desirous to remove from thence to Christ, and the city is built on the banks of the river Avon-mor" (Blackwater). After three miles' driving from Lismore, we reached Cappoquin. The road between these two small towns runs along the left bank of the river. The scenery on either side is beautiful. Rich plantations clothe the winding hills in robes of varied hue, and neat mansions peep from out the vistas of the trees. Sloping down to the water's edge are green lawns, or fine tillage-land. Fat, contented cattle, were grazing on the well-watered meads, or the industrious ploughman urged his yoked steeds to draw the coulter through the loamy furrow. At the entrance to Cappoquin, there is a very handsome wooden bridge. This is washed by the tide from the Atlantic, which comes up about a dozen miles from Youghall. The town is small, but contains some good houses; at the upper end, it dwincles into a row of mud cabins. After leaving the town, we continued by the main road for a quarter of a mile, when we diverged into a mountain track, wide enough to admit a gig, striking to the left. Soon the native wildness of the district became apparent; cultivation grew "small by degrees, and beautifully less;" until we lost all trace of its existence altogether, and nothing save the clear sky and savage hills were to be seen. The road now led us along the side of a steep dell, majestically wooded—and the effect was sublime. On one hand, the trees rose above us, the oaks casting their brawny arms over our path, and on the other continuing to wave their topmost branches until lost in the depth of the abyss. Then there ran at the woods' base, a clear, murmuring rivulet, that hummed its wild way like a bee

among flowers, singing vespers to the stars which now appeared in the evening sky; and, right up from the brink of the tiny stream, rose the broad, steep bosom of a Titanic mountain, thickly strewn with a noble forest, looking, in the haze of coming night, like a vast sea, undisturbed by the breath of winds—all was so smooth and tranquil. Piercing through the gorge of the mountain, the eye surveyed a vast tract of bog and moorland, stretching away to a horizon of lofty hills; and, nearly at the base of the central hill, rises the elevated spire of Melleray Abbey.

Descending the hill, the full view of the convent strikes you, and has a singular effect. Alone in a wilderness, no habitation near it, the vastness of its size, its origin and appropriation,—all combine to render it an object of interest; and, as its majestic proportions are disclosed by a nearer approach, and compared with its unexpected appearance in the isolated region in which it is built, we are reminded of the genii-built palaces said to be seen in the Arabian deserts by a few favoured mortals. At the foot of the eminence on which the Abbey is built, and where the land of the monks commences, I observed a small house, in which I was afterwards informed by the Abbot, two of the fraternity reside. Here they have established a nursery for rearing young trees, which, when of sufficient growth, and inured to the soil, are transplanted to the higher and more exposed plantations. As I ascended, I could perceive everywhere the marks of order and cultivation—good fences, heaps of manure, and growing crops, corn, turnips, &c. They have here 570 acres, which, when presented, were mere bog. They set about their task of reclaiming, with the resolve of men determined to conquer every difficulty: burnt lime, quarried stones, picked them off the land; and the first year had a fine, abundant crop of potatoes! There were 300 acres reclaimed in three years, and the remainder is in a fair way! There is a neat lodge at the entrance, two stories high, where, I understand, the guests must dine—flesh meat being prohibited from use within the precincts of the monastery. The brethren live entirely on bread and vegetable diet; they are spare, sinewy men, equal to much labour.

I directed my servant to drive round to the guest-house; and, on the porter making his appearance, was ushered into the small reception-room. I handed him my card for the Abbot; and, on his going to seek him, had full leisure to survey the apartment. It is a square room, rather low. Over the chimney-piece are several religious prints, and an exquisite crayon Madonna. The porter returned, and introduced his superior—Doctor Ryan—who is a mitred abbot, with jurisdiction of bishop within his abbey. (The Prior of St. Bernard has similar authority.) I found

the Abbot a most gentlemanly, good-humoured clergyman ; and, as he is permitted to communicate with visitors, we had a good deal of conversation. On his invitation to see the buildings, I accompanied him ; and, certainly, the vastness of design and skill of execution are almost miraculous. It would be endless—and, indeed, from my limited stay, impossible—for me to describe minutely every portion of this stupendous place. I was in one room which is finished—it is intended for the dormitory—one hundred and seventy feet in length ! The spire is of about equal height—all the work of the monks themselves. They are excellent workmen. The chapel is of amazing extent. I may quote the account of it by Mr. Inglis :—“ The building vies in size with any moderate cathedral, and might hold within it a dozen of the Irish Protestant churches.” The monks are about fifty in number. Others of their persecuted brethren, who are also in Ireland, purpose joining them when their work is finished—at present they have not accommodation for more. To enable them to procure materials for their extensive buildings, many of the gentry contributed to supply the necessary funds. The Duke of Devonshire munificently gave them £100,000 ; and many others, Protestant and Catholic, assisted, by their horses and servants, to aid their useful undertaking.

The brethren are chiefly young men—slight, and hardly-looking. There are a good number Irish—the rest English and French. In a handsome square formed by the church and other buildings, is the cemetery. It is not yet laid out properly ; but one brother sleeps there already.—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.*

#### ANECDOTES OF EPICURISM.

(Selected from *Cibaria Memorabilia* ; by Nimrod, in *Fraser's Magazine*.)

EPICURRS are divided into two distinct sets—the man of fortune, who, sticking not at the wages of a first-rate cook, and, consequently, enabled to indulge his propensity to rich dishes at his own table, and the man of small means, who stints himself in other expenses, to enjoy, occasionally, a high gratification of his palate at some celebrated tavern. The latter, I should say, has the higher treat of the two ; he comes to his feast with a fresh and whetted appetite, and is some time in the enjoyment of it before nature cries, “Enough.” But it is not so with the former, to whom an every-day repetition of skilfully cooked dishes creates an indifference to the excellence of them, which greatly detracts from their value ; and he is oftentimes seen turning his eyes towards the side-table in search of a cold round of beef. I witnessed a striking instance of this satiety of good things, some twenty years back, when I re-

sided in Shropshire. Within less than half an hour of my dinner-hour, a travelling carriage and four drove up to my door, and out of it stepped a gentleman, now gathered to his fathers, in whose house I had eaten some scores of good dinners, dressed by a first-rate French cook, and, in his opinion, that most essential appendage to him, an English kitchen-maid ; in fact, he was one of your truly “*eximie canare*” gentlemen, whom I have seen alter the bill of fare three times in the course of a morning, and send for his cook in the middle of his dinner to row him for some dish not being quite the thing ; and Apicius himself could not well have done more.

After welcoming my friend, and giving him a gentle rebuke for not having dropped me a line, I hurried to the kitchen to inquire what was to be our dinner, which, as ill luck would have it, was rather below par, although by no means a bad one for a younger brother—or an elder one either, if he were hungry. It consisted of a dish of minced veal, a roast shoulder of mutton, a batter pudding—but nothing “to follow.” Apologies were vain, and to it we went. Now I have already said that I had sat down to dinner some scores of times with this kind friend, and some scores of times had I seen him pick a bit of one dish, then taste another, and so on, without appearing to relish any, which made me fear that my humble fare would be enough to turn his stomach. I was, however, most agreeably surprised. My epicurean guest set to work manfully ; and I can truly say, I never saw him not only eat more in quantity, but appear to enjoy a dinner more. Perhaps the act of travelling through the air had given a whet to his appetite ; but, for my elf, I am thankful I was not born with a palate. All I have ever required has been the “*mundus victus*” of Horace—clean cooking and clean table-linen, leaving the choice almost always to others.

An anecdote, having some similitude with the above, is related of George IV., and I can vouch for the truth of it. During a visit he paid, when Prince of Wales, to the late Lord Forester, then residing at Ross Hall, near Shrewsbury, he dined one day with the late Sir Robert Leighton, of Loton Hall, in that neighbourhood, whom he had long honoured with his friendship. Sir Robert, being a bachelor, was unused to giving so large a dinner as this occasion called for ; and his cook, being rather at a loss to fill all the numerous side-dishes required, decided on fried beef and cabbage for one of them. “What have you got in *that* dish ?” said the prince to a gentleman before whom it happened to be placed. “That, sir,” answered Sir Robert, “is a favourite dish in Shropshire, called bubble and squeak.”—“Then give me some bubble and squeak,” resumed the prince ; and he ate heartily of

it. Thus far I can vouch for what I have said; but it was currently reported that this homely dish was afterwards frequently seen at Carlton House. The partiality of the same illustrious personage, at one time of his life, for a cold saddle of mutton, in the summer months, is, I believe, very well known.

Although irrelevant to the subject of eating, it may not be amiss to mention one more circumstance connected with the visit of the then Prince of Wales to Lord Forester. Sir Richard Puleston was of the party, when he was thus addressed by the prince: "Puleston," said his royal highness, as you hunt this county, you of course know it intimately. I have never yet set my foot in Wales. Watkin\* has asked me to Wynn-stay; but I could not be known to be in the principality, without being subject to much form and ceremony. I wish you would conduct me to the nearest spot." The next morning, Sir Richard did this; and, after crossing a small border rivulet, presented to the prince a small sprig of oak, with some acorns suspended from it, the moment he entered his principality. The device was an appropriate one, and such must the prince have considered it: for he placed the sprig in his hat, and commanded Sir Richard to bear, in addition to his own crest, an oak-tree, with golden acorns suspended from its boughs. The British oak is indeed a proper type of a British king; for, amid storms and tempests, the one stands secure; and neither plots nor factions can shake the resting-place of the other. Nor is this all. In days of yore, no ceremonies of honour could be performed without having recourse to this imperial plant, the monarch of the plain. The present king, God bless him! then Duke of Clarence, was also of this party; and his majesty's joke, on being shown the city of Chester from an eminence, where his old tutor resided, will never be forgotten in Shropshire.

I have one more anecdote, in allusion to Carlton House and the dinner-table. Many of my readers will remember—indeed, I see no reason to think he may not now be living—a celebrated, little *bon vivant* wine-merchant, himself as round as a ball, and noted for riding fast-trotting ponies, equally sleek and round, in the streets of London, who, from his colloquial accomplishments and good humour, was honoured now and then with a command to dine at Carlton House. "You seem to like that pie, Shelley," said the prince to him, on perceiving him making a second attack upon it. "A most excellent pie, sir," replied the wine-merchant: "but no doubt your royal highness's cook can make every sort of pie *but one*."—"But one," said the prince; "and what is that *one*?"

\* Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart.

"Pardon me, sir," resumed Shelley; "he cannot make a *magpie*."

Perhaps the following case of *gluttony* may be rather hard to beat. It occurred a few years back at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and I can vouch for the truth of it. Two gentlemen, one a D.D., and the other a half-pay captain in the army, both cursed with "a palate," and stomachs well calculated to the indulgence of it, chanced to reside in that town at the same time. Their means being rather slender, they were unable to appear often at first-rate *tables-d'hôte*, but were in the habit of now and then meeting at a certain restaurateur's, where they would sit down, *tête-à-tête*, to enjoy themselves. On one luckless day, just as the master of it had placed on the table two smoking, hot oyster-patties, for which he was famous, down dropped the doctor in an epileptic. The usual means of restoration being at hand, Richard was himself again in about a quarter of an hour, when, casting his eyes towards the table, he missed his oyster-patty. "What's become of my patty?" said he, so soon as he was raised. "You have eaten it, sir," belied him to the captain, with a look of much anger and mortification. He was right; the captain had eaten it whilst his friend lay on the ground. Now what price would not stomachs like these fetch, if such things could be bought in the market?

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it. Thus far I can vouch for what I have said; but it was currently reported that this homely dish was afterwards frequently seen at Carlton House. The partiality of the same illustrious personage, at one time of his life, for a cold saddle of mutton, in the summer months, is, I believe, very well known.

Although irrelevant to the subject of eating, it may not be amiss to mention one more circumstance connected with the visit of the then Prince of Wales to Lord Forester. Sir Richard Puleston was of the party, when he was thus addressed by the prince: "Puleston," said his royal highness, as you hunt this county, you of course know it intimately. I have never yet set my foot in Wales. Watkin\* has asked me to Wynn-stay; but I could not be known to be in the principality, without being subject to much form and ceremony. I wish you would conduct me to the nearest spot." The next morning, Sir Richard did this; and, after crossing a small border rivulet, presented to the prince a small sprig of oak, with some acorns suspended from it, the moment he entered his principality. The device was an appropriate one, and such must the prince have considered it: for he placed the sprig in his hat, and commanded Sir Richard to bear, in addition to his own crest, an oak-tree, with golden acorns suspended from its boughs. The British oak is indeed a proper type of a British king; for, amid storms and tempests, the one stands secure; and neither plots nor factions can shake the resting-place of the other. Nor is this all. In days of yore, no ceremonies of honour could be performed without having recourse to this imperial plant, the monarch of the plain. The present king, God bless him! then Duke of Clarence, was also of this party; and his majesty's joke, on being shown the city of Chester from an eminence, where his old tutor resided, will never be forgotten in Shropshire.

I have one more anecdote, in allusion to Carlton House and the dinner-table. Many of my readers will remember—indeed, I see no reason to think he may not now be living—a celebrated, little *bon vivant* wine-merchant, himself as round as a ball, and noted for riding fast-trotting ponies, equally sleek and round, in the streets of London, who, from his colloquial accomplishments and good humour, was honoured now and then with a command to dine at Carlton House. "You seem to like that pie, Shelley," said the prince to him, on perceiving him making a second attack upon it. "A most excellent pie, sir," replied the wine-merchant: "but no doubt your royal highness's cook can make every sort of pie *but one*."—"But one," said the prince; "and what is that *one*?"

\* Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart.

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so saying, she beckoned to a servant in the wing, who came forward and terminated the dispute. Acids to reduce fatuous are frequently administered, but have done considerable mischief. Amongst other wonderful accounts of their efficacy in such cases, it is related of a Spanish general who was of an enormous size, that he drank vinegar until his bulk was so reduced that he could fold his skin round his body.—*Curiosities of Medical Experience.*

To consider themselves in proper hands, patients must incur expenses, and as much physic as possible be poured down. Malouin, physician to the Queen of France, was so fond of drugging, that it is told of him, that once having a most patient patient, who diligently and punctually swallowed all the stuff he ordered, he was so delighted in seeing all the phials and pill-boxes cleaned out, that he shook him cordially by the hand, exclaiming: "My dear sir, it really affords me pleasure to attend you, and you deserve to be ill!" The London practitioners must surely meet with incessant delight!—*Ibid.*

*The Potato.*—The history of the potato is a strong illustration of the influence of authority: for more than two centuries, the use of this invaluable plant was vehemently opposed; at last, Louis XV. won a bunch of its flowers in the midst of his courtiers, and the consumption of the root became universal in France.—*Ibid.*

*Ventriloquism.*—It is now pretty generally admitted that ventriloquism simply consists in a slow and gradual expiration, preceded by a strong and deep inspiration, by which a considerable quantity of air is introduced into the lungs, which is afterwards acted upon by the flexible powers of the larynx and the trachea: any person, therefore, by practice, can obtain more or less expertise in this exercise; in which, although not apparently, the voice is still modified by the mouth and the tongue. Mr. Lespagnol, in a very able dissertation on this subject, has demonstrated that ventriloquists have acquired by practice the power of exercising the veil of the palate in such a manner, that, by raising or depressing it, they dilate or contract the inner nostrils. If they are closely contracted, the sound produced is weak, dull, and seems to be more or less distant; if, on the contrary, these cavities are widely dilated, the sound is strengthened by these tortuous infractions, and the voice becomes loud, sonorous, and apparently close to us. Thus, any able mimic who can with facility disguise his voice, with the aid of this power of modifying sounds, may in time become a ventriloquist.—*Ibid.*

*Kyan's Dry Rot Process.*—The ship Samuel Enterby, the hull, mast, blocks, spars, &c., of which are prepared by this

process,—has just returned from a whaling voyage, of two years and a half, to the South Seas. It is satisfactory to learn that the crew have been in excellent health during the above period, although they have been constantly fishing in tropical climates. This result will, we trust, prove the fallacy of the apprehensions which have been entertained respecting the supposed pernicious effect of Kyan's preparation on the crew. (For the details of the process, &c., see *Mirror*, vol. xxvi., p. 259.)

*Bells.*—At page 128 of the present volume, it is stated that St. James's, Westminster, has a peal of bells; if so, the inhabitants near the church have never had the pleasure of hearing them. In the paragraph, mention is not made of St. Martin's bells, Westminster, which are considered by many to be equalled only by Bow.

J. E. R.

*Brewing.*—Mr. David Booth, author of the valuable *Art of Brewing*, published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, has just discovered the means of preventing acidity in malt liquors.

*Lord Brougham.*—The recent decision in the House of Lords upon the claim to the barony of Vaux of Harrowden, in no way interferes with the title of Vaux vested in Lord Brougham. Lord Brougham descends from John Vaux of Catterlen, through the marriage of his only child Jane Vaux with Thomas Brougham, of Brougham. This John Vaux of Catterlen, derived his descent from Sir John Vaux of Catterlen, the second son of Robert de Vaux, whose fourth son Oliver was ancestor to the Lords of Harrowden. Thus, Lord Brougham and the Lords Vaux of Harrowden descend from a common ancestor, but their lines branched off long before the creation of the Harrowden peerage.—*Morning Chronicle.*

*From the French of Racine.*

That Power alone, who stirs the billowy main,  
Can beat the tyrant force of Man restrain;  
Before His holy will with awe I bow—  
Thee, O my God, I fear, and none but Thou.

A. L. C.

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Printing by and for John Limbird, 143, Strand.

**LONDON:** Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Savoy-House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen—Agent in PARIS, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American Library, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.